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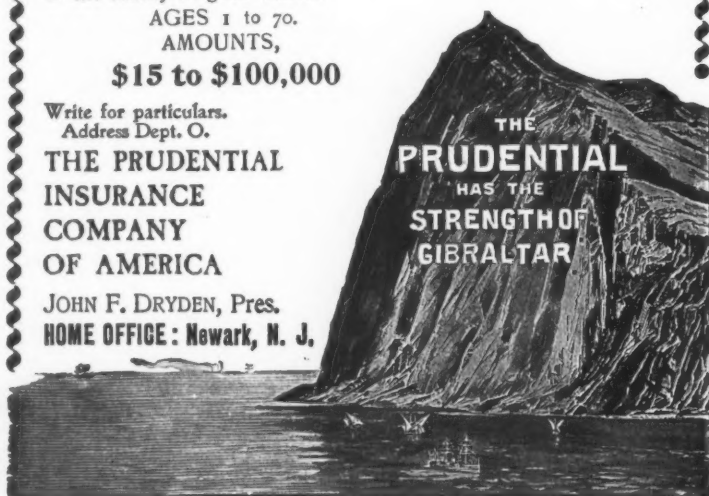
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**NEW YORK CITY**

# LIFE



APRIL, sweet soul of her,  
I love the whole of  
her,—

Joy be the goal of her,  
Fortune attend!  
Spring, win the heart of her,  
(Though but the part of her,)   
Who hath a chart of her?  
Heaven forfend!

Witchcraft, the wile of her,  
Sunshine, the smile of her,  
Virtue, the guile of her  
Duly suppressed.  
Where is the harm of her,  
Or the alarm of her?  
Oh, but the charm of her  
Can't be expressed!

Say the malicious  
Her temper's capricious,  
But aren't they delicious—  
Her varying moods?—  
A smile in the water,  
Where Phœbus hath sought  
her,—  
Though wind shall have  
wrought her  
To wrath in the woods.

While Summer's wooing her  
With life imbuing her,  
Gently undoing her  
Cloak of reserve;  
While Winter's holding her,  
While Spring's enfolding  
her,  
Mortals are scolding her,  
Please to observe!

Why are ye slaying her?  
Unjust the weighing her,  
With suitors swaying her,  
That way and this.  
Though Winter tarry her,  
And Summer harry her,  
Spring yet shall marry  
her,—  
Great be their bliss.

*Edna Kingsley Wallace.*





"While there is Life there's Hope."  
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THESE are pleasant days for Brother Bryan. He is still a person of great renown and influence in his party, and when he speaks, and especially when he whispers, attention is paid to him. His health is excellent; his spirits are first-rate; his paper is doing well; his lectures are amply remunerated. He has money in the

bank, is building a new house, and has already finished an elegant barn, into which he lately moved his family. It is an ill wind that does not fill somebody's stomach, and the great free-silver gale that blew the Democracy so far off her course has brought prosperity and contentment to Brother Bryan. He has plenty to talk about, at good rates. He sees the Republican Party, with the Philippine millstone tied around its neck, about to be rent by an awful dispute over tariff which cannot be dodged and which will cause the severest internal anguish whenever it eventuates. Looking about for rival leaders in his own party, he finds none as yet who are not lacking either in distinction, or in consecration. The foremost of the old leaders is Mr. Hill, who can never be President, though he would make a fitter Senator than New York has had since it had him before. No new leaders of Democrats are known to have developed, unless we may count Mr. Shepard. The same men of the party have been bottled up

for seven years and could not show their quality except by voting for Republican candidates. That grieves many Democrats, but not Brother Bryan. He has distinction; he has consecration; he is in sight. He rubs his hypnotic hands, and, praising Heaven that business is good and prospects bright, tells how Grover Cleveland stood for four years between the people and reform, and made the White House the rendezvous of representatives of predatory wealth.

Ah, Brother Bryan! Mr. Cleveland is out of public life and will not return to it. The coming Democrat is not in sight yet. Make hay, then, while the sun still shines and watch out for his shadow.



THERE is still a good deal of discussion as to whether the New York Central directors really know how to run a modern railroad system after the best modern fashion. The tunnel controversy here in New York has made this discussion particularly active, and now it is reported that the Boston and Albany road, which has come under the Central's control, shows bad results from the change of management. The *Hartford Times* says: "The result has been such a confusion and upsetting of a great railroad system as has perhaps never occurred in American railroad history." Do you suppose the *Times* speaks the truth?

Are the Central directors too rich to work hard? Do they take life too easily, or is it that they have more irons in the fire than they can manage?



BOSTON has been turning out her pockets for the families of the crew of life-savers of Monomoy who were lately lost on the south side of Cape Cod. Nothing that one sees in the Boston papers warms the heart more than the long subscription lists for such an object as this. When she brings out a million or two for Harvard College it doesn't make much impression on the distant observer, for

that is largely habit, and the million comes from comparatively few givers. But these long lists of sums from one dollar up to a thousand, for the wives and children of gallant men who have died while carrying succor to the shipwrecked, take a strong hold on anyone who reads them. There is strong feeling and eager response behind every dollar in them. This fund now growing has reached thirty thousand dollars at this writing and may go to fifty. It must provide for six widows and twelve children who were dependent for support on the seven men who were drowned. All Massachusetts is interested in the Monomoy fund.



THE executors of the late Collis P. Huntington have made the pleasant disclosure that they have found among Mr. Huntington's effects evidences of debt to the amount of about two million dollars, which he lent in assorted sums to personal acquaintances, and even to strangers, including very many women. Mr. Huntington had the reputation of being a hard man, and doubtless there were grounds for that impression about him. But he was constructed on a large scale and did things in a large way. This showing of bad debts — of money lent to borrowers who were not "good," or invested in unsound enterprises started by his friends — has surprised his executors, and possibly scandalized them, but it affords very interesting evidence about the human side of the great railroad builder. His good assets, estimated at seventy millions when he died a year and a half ago, are said to have shrunk to thirty millions, but these bad assets are just as good as ever.



UP to the time when this issue of LIFE went to press,

No relief had yet been afforded to Cuba;

Nothing else had been done to General Miles;

The Boers had not yet captured General Kitchener.

Events always seem to move slowly when one is waiting.





"AUNT ALICE, WERE YOU VERY *bad* WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE?"

"NO, INDEED, MY DEAR! I TRIED TO BE VERY GOOD."

"WELL, I THINK IT'S MUCH BETTER TO BE BAD, SO AS TO HAVE SOMETHING INTERESTING TO TALK ABOUT WHEN YOU GROW UP."



### Prognostications in the Case of Miss Stone.

SHE will arrive in America. She will be met by a large delegation of gentlemen interested in collecting funds to send missionaries out of our own country, where they are needed, into other countries, where they are not needed, and where their principal function is to create complications for the United States Government to fight out.

She will be exploited for a few days by the yellow journals.

She will be gushed over by long-haired men, short-haired women and other gushers.

She will probably lecture, at a high compensation, under the management of Major J. B. Pond.

She will sell literature to the cheap magazines at large prices.

She will make money.

She will be lionized by the W. C. T. U.

She will be utilized by local missionary societies to gather funds to provide soft snaps

in uncivilized Japan and other heathen places for Americans who can't make a living at home.

She will be an encouragement to others to go into foreign countries and get into trouble minding other people's business, when they might be quite safe at home tending to their own.

She will be convinced that the American nation is an easy thing.

### The Hand of Providence.

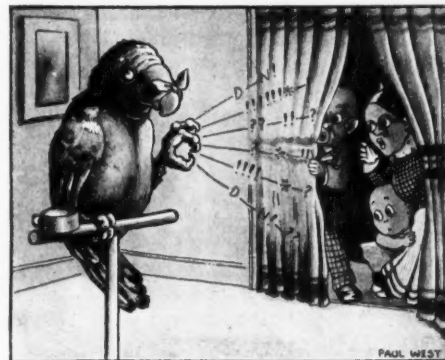
THE cosmic economy necessarily contemplates men too strong to work. For otherwise positions of public trust must go begging.

But republics having until quite recently expanded only languidly, men too strong to work have had to make other arrangements, *pro tempore*.

Consequently, medical schools are graduating large numbers.

Providence clearly foresaw all this, and so we have the vermiform appendix located at the junction of the cæcum and colon, where it may be removed only by laparotomy, one of the most lucrative surgical operations, rather than at some point where it might be excised by a mere corn-doctor for fifty cents.

THE papers report that the managers of a patent medicine factory in Lowell, Massachusetts, have given notice that they will employ no youth under twenty-one who smokes cigarettes. The age limit is a little high, but the spirit of the order seems commendable. Now if the cigarette factories will take an analogous stand and refuse to employ persons who consume patent medicines, a suitable retort will have been made and the interests of the general public still further promoted.



### Concerning Our Parrot.

WE once had a blasphemous parrot That swore till we just couldn't bear it. When we tied up his beak He learned in one week In the deaf and dumb language to swear it!



"WHO LAUGHED?"

Science.

"WHAT'S the purpose of bacteriology, anyway?"

"Well, it reduces worrying to a positive science, for one thing."

"THE Senator is from some Western State, is he not?"

"His State can't be very far West. I heard him say his seat cost him only one hundred thousand dollars."

## THE LATEST BOOKS

*By Bread Alone* is another labor problem novel. It details the failure of an optimistic dreamer to create a Utopia in a Chicago steel mill; its author is I. K. Friedman, and its length is five hundred pages. The present revival of the two-volume novel, or its equivalent, seems based on the assumption that if three hundred pages of mediocre fiction will kill Time, six hundred pages of the same will kill, draw and quarter him. And it usually will. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Valley of Decision*, by Edith Wharton, is one of the few much heralded books that fulfill all expectations. It is a panoramic study of Northern Italy at the period of the French Revolution, broadly conceived and strongly executed. (Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. \$2.00.)

*The Spinster Book* contains a series of essays by Myrtle Reed upon the amatory fads and foibles of humanity. Unhappily, in the worthy desire to be clever, the author



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## Modesty

The good example set by great men of retiring natures can never be fully credited.

They shun the glare of publicity, but, like the violet bidden in the hedgerow, are all the more sought after.

Look at me!

J. Stormington Barnes.



## Forgiveness

Learn a noble lesson from the white man: Forgive your enemies—after cheating them out of all they have.

Big=Chief=With=Whack=In=Dis=Reck.

careful research, sympathetic understanding and graceful composition that made her *Stage Coach and Tavern Days* so worthy of both a reading and a place upon our shelves. (The Macmillan Company \$2.50.)

Chicago, the home of Mr. Dooley, presents a new Hibernian candidate for popularity in the person of *Policeman Flynn*, introduced by Elliott Flower. The officer is more strenuous than Mr. Dooley, but he is no philosopher, and while his experiences are amusing, his dicta are not likely to pass into proverbs. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

Amelia E. Barr gives us, in *The Lion's Whelp*, a most vivid characterization of Oliver Cromwell. The story is a pretty one, and though the portrait of the Great Protector may be a flattered likeness, it is very human and very attractive. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Last of the Knickerbockers* is a thoroughly clever little comedy of decayed gentility in Manhattan. It is by Herman K. Vielé, author of *The Inn of the Silver Moon*. (Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago. \$1.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

### Well Qualified.

**MANAGER:** What do you know about managing a comic opera?

**APPLICANT:** Well, I have engineered several South American revolutions.

**T**HERE is at least one distinctly Christian thing about Christian Scientists — they don't vivisect.

**A** FRIEND in deed is a friend indeed.

labors too strenuously, and while often successful, she is more often flippant. The book is likely to be disappointing to admirers of Miss Reed's

former works. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle has brought to the writing of her volume upon *Old Time Gardens* the same



## Real Rumors.



AN intelligence office will soon be opened in Park Row, for the purpose of supplying editors for *Harper's Weekly*. It will be kept running night and day.

Members of Congress and the Senate have been invited to visit Cuba in the spring, but it is understood that they will unanimously decline, as they are all agreed that it would be a shame to break the dense ignorance they all hold concerning that Island.

Tammany Hall is to be rebuilt. The front will be lined with stained-glass windows, filled with appropriate designs, the principal one being a striking figure of St. Jerome. On the top will be a life-sized figure of Dr. Parkhurst, in the act of drinking Mayor Low's health in a tankard of real rain water.

Among the "midway" features of the St. Louis Exposition will be the entire Filipino nation, it having been calculated that in 1903, when the Exposition opens, there will be still enough of them left to fill a good-sized tent.

The United States Steel Company is in need of more commodious quarters for the accommodation of its officers. The Palace Hotel at San Francisco, the Post Office at Chicago, and the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, have all been considered, but it is not improbable that the choice will finally fall upon the Capitol at Washington.

A celebrated artist, who recently returned from abroad, has offered to decorate the interior of the New York Custom House with an appropriate series of panels. The subjects will be taken mostly from the Spanish Inquisition, and, it is hoped by the authorities, will act as a stimulus upon the employees in the performance of their sworn duties.

The New York Stock Exchange, now in process of erection, will have some important improvements. Among other features, a regular chaplain will be appointed, who will open the proceedings each day with the following prayer:

"O Lord, bless this great gambling institution, and grant that each member this day may do others as he would not be done himself. Be with the bulls and the bears in

their glorious work of spreading the gospel of speculation, and bless all the little lambs who have been slaughtered, and lift them up at the last day fleeced but regenerated. Vouchsafe that this noble band of enthusiasts may continue to hold the Senate and the House of Representatives in the hollow of their hands, and that nothing may be done of national or international importance without the consent of these Thy servants here gathered together. Grant that in due time the President himself may be graced with this spirit, and that this Exchange may always, forever and ever, be politically the only thing worth living and striving for. Amen."

The New York Central Railroad is considering the advisability of purchasing Woodlawn Cemetery as a permanent annex, to be used for the convenience of its patrons who use the tunnel. Only those can participate in its benefits who go through the tunnel regularly.

Professor Garnier, who has spent so many years in Africa studying the vocality of the monkeys, has for the present relinquished his hitherto chosen field, and is about to engage in a more ambitious effort. He will shortly visit the remote parts of Scotland, and the result of his investigations will be the promulgation of an elaborate theory to prove that the so-called Scottish dialect has really some relation to human speech.

The following paper was recently picked up on Fifth Avenue. It is supposed to have been dropped by some author, and to be the synopsis of a contemplated story:

1. The man buys the automobile.
2. He tries it.
3. He tries to see how fast he can go in it.
4. He finds the authorities smile upon his endeavors, so increases the smell and speed to the limit.
5. He runs over a little child.
6. He is brought into court.
7. Having plenty of money he gets off scot free.
8. The child is buried.

It is said that all the hospitals in New York will combine into a syndicate, the object not only being a greater economy of administration, but a continuity of method in the treatment of patients. It has been discovered that some of the ambulances are actually in charge of surgeons who have shown signs of sympathy, and a few who have been able to distinguish between heart disease and alcoholism. This will be remedied, so that from the moment he is picked up unconscious, to the moment he is pronounced incurable, everything will be done for the patient that inexperience and indifference may suggest.



## To April.

*Vide supra.*

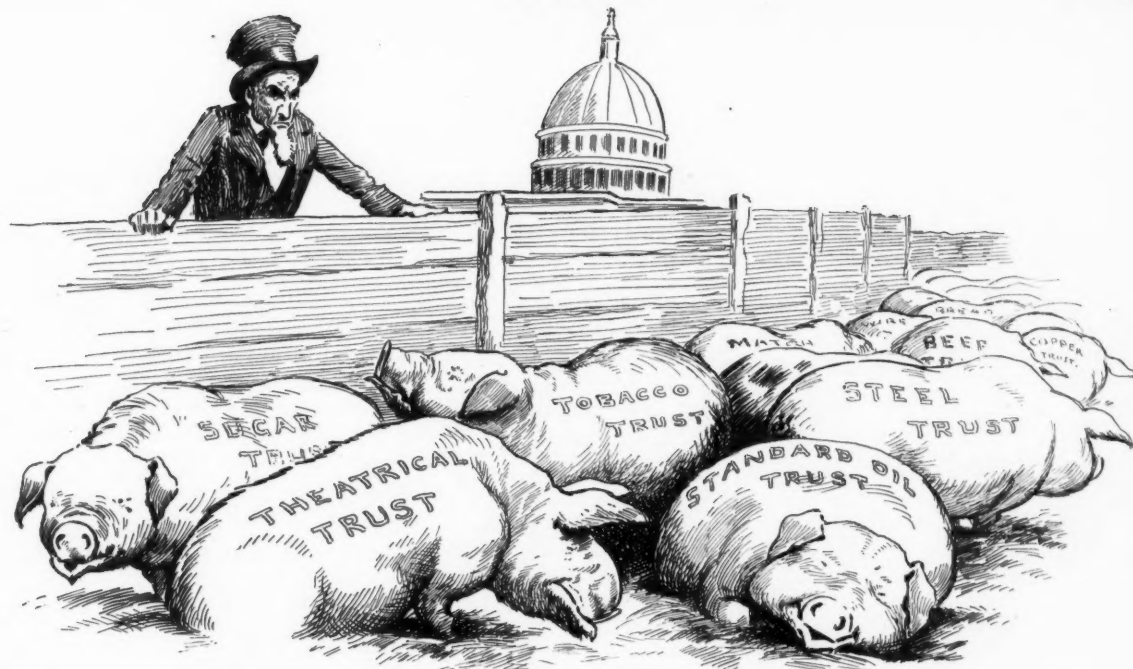
APRIL,—what a flock of fancies  
Waken with that wonder-word!  
Now a lover takes his chances,  
With a lyric like the bird:  
There is something in the air that  
Makes existence so sublime  
I must write and have a care that  
It is rhyme.

April,—youth and all the rapture,  
All the sweetness of the Spring,—  
Here's my heart that you may capture  
It and teach it how to sing;  
Teach it all a lover's duty,  
How to make its message known  
To my Sweetheart with a beauty  
Like your own.

April, She is just a blossom,  
Pink and white, like those you wear,—  
You might even come across some  
Daybreak dewdrops in her hair;  
Help my fancy in this season  
When it lightly turns to love,  
And, if you would know the reason,  
Look above!

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

A WOMAN'S broken heart mends beautifully if it is attended to at once.



"ISN'T IT JUST POSSIBLE THAT I'M OVERDOING THIS BUSINESS?"

### Dr. Conan Doyle's Apology for England.



LARGELY at his own expense and in a pamphlet of one hundred and fifty-six good-sized pages, Dr. Conan Doyle seeks to prove that in the war with the Boers England "hath her cause just." The book is an elaborate setting forth of details calculated to muddy the water so that the reader cannot see the real facts which

underlie the Boers' courageous and patriotic resistance to British oppression. Dr. Doyle gives figures and alleged facts generously, but gives no real justification for England's invasion of the Transvaal and her policy of exterminating the men, women and children of an entire nation. And the very fact that he has to make the apology is testimony to England's shame. It will take a good many Doyles and a good many pamphlets to convince the world that England is engaged in anything but a war for loot.

PEOPLE in glass houses should "go 'way back and sit down."

WHENEVER anything in the nature of tariff reform was proposed in Congress, the Trusts shuddered. "What do these rude men know of a Mother's Duties?" protested they.



The Remarkable Cat.  
Of a sudden the Great Prima Donna  
Cried "Heavens, my voice is a goner!"  
But a Cat in the wings  
Cried "I know how she sings,"  
And finished the solo with honor.



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MRS. INNITTOR DEDD'S MAID READS: "AMONG THOSE PRESENT WAS MRS. INNITTOR DEDD, WIFE OF A BARON, WHO WAS WEALTHY ENOUGH TO OWN A PAIR OF DIAMONDS AND THREE ROPES OF PEARLS. SHE WORE HER FAVORITE PEARLS AT THE BULLYON'S BALL THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST."

THE NEXT MORNING



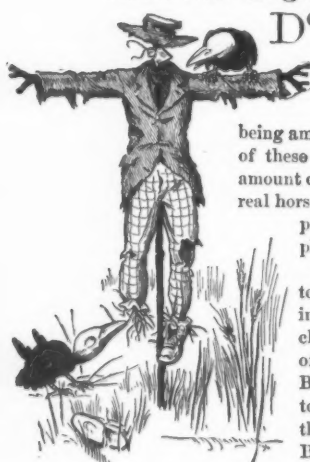


THE NEXT MORNING.

S. INNITON, WHOSE LOVELY FACE AND SPLENDID FIGURE WERE ENHANCED BY A TIARA  
SHE WORE THE FAMOUS RUBIES AND WAS EVEN MORE REGAL THAN  
S BALL THE NIGHT BEFORE," ETC., ETC.



### Rural New England and in The Tenderloin.



**D**ONE at its very best the New England rural comedy of the "gosh darn" type has grown to be rather tiresome. "Sky Farm" at the Garrick belongs to that school of drama and is far away from being among the best of its kind. Of course none of these plays could be staged without a large amount of realism, and in "Sky Farm" we have real horses, a real hay-rake, real wheat, real peppermint candy, and a real, old, genuine plot about a will with a lost codicil.

This play and its accessories are reported to have had a considerable popular success in Boston, Massachusetts. Boston, Massachusetts, is said to be the most fastidious of American cities in the way of culture. Boston, Massachusetts, has been known to sneer at New York City, New York, for the latter's crude taste in matters artistic. But New York City, New York, will hardly give its popular or artistic approval to

"Sky Farm," real as may be the horses, real as may be the rake, real as may be the wheat, real as may be the peppermint candy, and real as might be the codicil to the will in the certainly real, old, genuine plot.

A realistic popular play in New York City, New York, has got to have a real, or transplanted, Irishman in it. The Boston idea of enjoying purely American types shows what might be called the provincialism of Boston. New York liked "The Old Homestead," with Denman Thompson, but that play brought New England into New York's own surroundings, Irish policeman, Grace Church and all. When New York has to leave its own town and go up into the neighborhood that Boston knows, New York doesn't like it a bit. New York likes its Bowery and its Tenderloin and its Four Hundred and its Grand Opera and its imported Problem Plays and its London Successes, but New England farm life, with real agricultural accessories, has lost the realistic charm which still holds good in Boston. This is no reflection on the good taste of Boston, Massachusetts. It only shows that New York City, New York, is not the same.

"Sky Farm" might please Boston and New England for local reasons. Intrinsically it is not a valuable contribution to dramatic art and is tiresome for the person of average intelligence outside of New England.

**T**HE New York *Herald* has not yet concluded arrangements with Mr. Charles Frohman to write its dramatic criticisms next season. It still remains, however, the official organ of the Theatrical Trust.

**T**HE way is paving for the production of a Passion Play in New York. Salmi Morse, years ago, lost fortune, reason and life, in his ambition to give a fitting stage version of the great story of the New Testament. Mr. Clay M. Greene has secured two representations, one at a Jesuit college in California, and one before a semi-private audience in New York, of his dramatic setting of the Christ tragedy. It is said to be most reverential and impressive. Mr. Greene's work, entitled "Nazareth," is not likely to be seen again, because Messrs. Hayman, Klaw, Erlanger, Charles Frohman and the other gentlemen of the Theatrical Syndicate are reported to have a play of their own dealing with the life and death of Jesus Christ, which they will produce in the near future with all the resources at their command.



**I**N "The Diplomat," at the Madison Square, Mr. William Collier makes a personal success. The piece, for any purposes of criticism, does not exist. It is a thread on which a frequent bead of merriment is strung by Mr. Collier and his associate performers, but as a play it has no plot nor coherence and has spoiled a good title. The sudden introduction of the ballet girl in costume into an assemblage of well-bred persons would be a very amusing incident and would be effective were the contrast more sharply drawn, but in the general Nineteenth Precinct atmosphere of the production the situation rather loses its value.

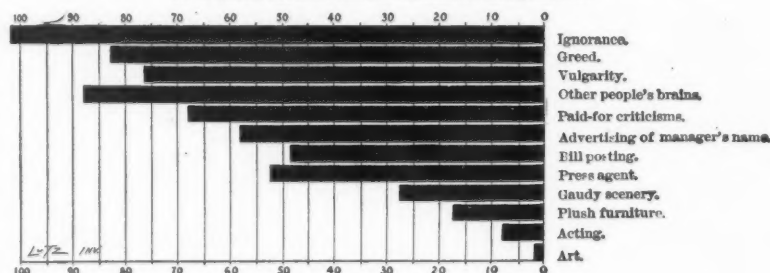
"The Diplomat" is diverting, so far as Mr. Collier and Mr. Abeles, who impersonates cleverly a very remarkably wise valet, make it so. Otherwise it might be called light-waisted.

*Metcalfe.*

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music.*—"Under Two Flags," Ouida's novel, in spectacular form.  
*Bijou.*—Amelia Bingham and company in "A Modern Magdalen," Notice later.  
*Broadway.*—"Beauty and the Beast." Fairy spectacle, well done.  
*Criterion.*—Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry." Elaborate staging of an interesting play.  
*Daily's.*—Hugo's "Notre Dame" dramatized by Paul Potter. Melodramatic and exciting.  
*Empire.*—"The Twin Sister." Costume comedy, well acted.  
*Garrick.*—"Sky Farm." See above.  
*Garden.*—"Life." Notice later.  
*Herald Square.*—Lulu Glaser and company in "Dolly Varden." Melodramatic and prettily-mounted light opera.  
*Knickerbocker.*—"The Toreador." Comic opera of the ordinary type.  
*Manhattan.*—Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in international comedy, "Her Lord and Master." Moderately interesting.  
*Madison Square.*—William Collier in "The Diplomat." See above.  
*Republic.*—Henrietta Crossman as *Rosalind* in an excellent production of "As You Like It." Well worth seeing.  
*Savoy.*—Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune." Amusing stage version of the novel. Cleverly done.  
*Victoria.*—French opera company in repertoire.  
*Wallack's.*—"A Gentleman of France," with Kylie Bellew as the fighting hero.  
*Weber and Fields's Music Hall.*—Burlesque of "The Girl and the Judge" and "Du Barry." Low comedy at high prices.

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF THE VARIOUS PARTS THAT GO TO MAKE UP A STAGE SUCCESS UNDER SYNDICATE MANAGEMENT.





### Sport in Africa.

THERE is a curious animal found still in considerable numbers in Southern Africa. Its habits are somewhat peculiar. It is industrious, and gathers with infinite pains a few stones, mud and wood together, wherewith to build its habitation, which is generally found under the shadow of some kopje or in some rocky barren glen. It is omnivorous—flesh of any sort with the stunted vegetation of its native haunt form its food, to secure which it toils unceasingly. It is quite harmless in its nature, and unless driven to desperation, rarely attacks human beings.



This inoffensive creature is now being harried out of the country by Jolly Britons, who, having discovered richness in the land, object to the room occupied by the little heaps of rubbish forming its home.

The process of extermination is carried on with the usual barbarity. It is hoped that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may be forced to take up the matter, and attempt to check such shocking and wanton destruction.



There seems to be no necessity for treating as a ferocious wolf this animal, whose chief peculiarity is a tendency to live quietly, and in peace at home. Like the worm, it has been forced to turn.

There are, of course, the usual hazards of the chase, as the Jolly Britons, unless they hunt in enormous bands, generally get the worst of it.

Moreover, it is a costly sport, but the Jolly Britons are wealthy and can almost afford it.



### Love.

LOVE may not rest until the soul it find,  
And in that haven win content at last.  
The body's best allurements are in kind  
But a *hors d'œuvre* of the divine repast.

### A Vaccine Debauch.

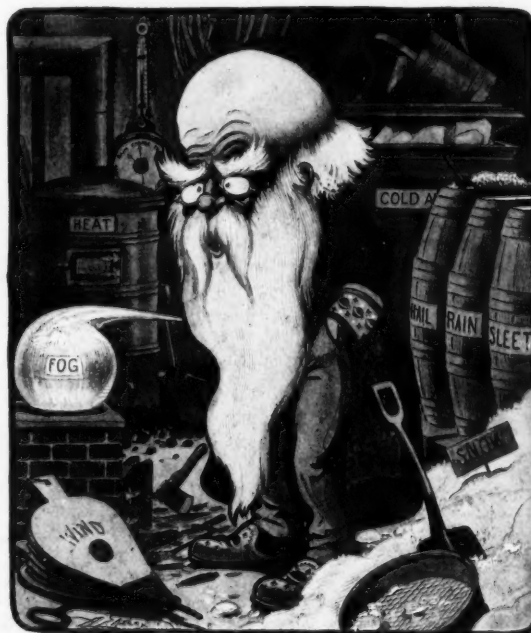
THAT fifteen thousand unoffending citizens should submit to compulsory vaccination at one swoop in the City of Boston takes us back to the good old medieval days.

No one pretends that vaccination is an absolutely sure preventive of smallpox. And for an intelligent voter to be forced to stand by while his family and himself are inoculated with a filthy poison is—well, that old spirit of '76 must be dying out in Boston.

### A Successful Color Scheme.

OVER one hundred thousand men killed, wounded, and disabled represent the total British losses to date in the South African war. "That is my ambition," said Cecil Rhodes once, passing his hand rapidly over the map of South Africa, "to have that all English, all red." It is getting pretty red now, it must be confessed, and more good British blood stands ready to incarnadine the soil in order to gratify Mr. Rhodes's ambition.

—*New York Evening Post.*



### Old Prob's Complaint.

CONFOUND the people anyway!

They never know their minds a day.

In Winter, Summer, Spring or Fall,

It seems I never please at all.

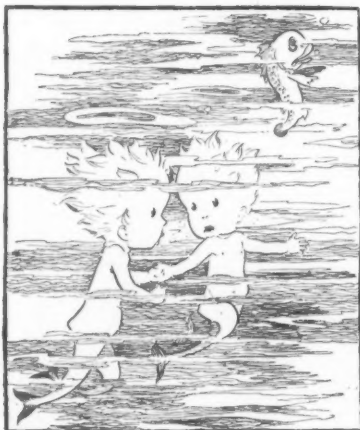
When I give heat, they ask for cold; when cold, they kick for heat.

The same with fog, hail, wind or snow—they always swear at sleet.

If I try rain, they want it dry; when dry, they pray for rain.

The Public never was content, and always must complain.

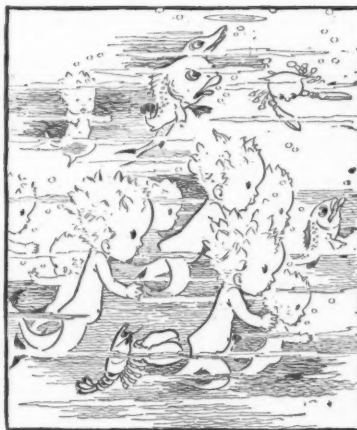




"LOOK!



LET US GO



AND

**Commiseration.**

WHENEVER I see a little boy  
Dressed up like a young Lord  
Fauntleroy,  
With ruffles, and ribbons, and rings, and curls,  
And things that are only fit for girls,  
I'm as sorry for him as I can be;  
And I pity him, too, for I know that he  
Is either the namby-pamby kind,  
Or his mother is a—well, never mind.

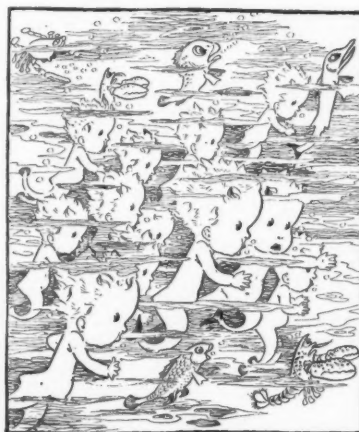
*Edward Salisbury Field.***Abroad.**

"I want to introduce you to some  
Americans I just met."

"No, I don't want to meet them.  
They're intensely vulgar, I know."

"But they're not so bad—from the  
West."

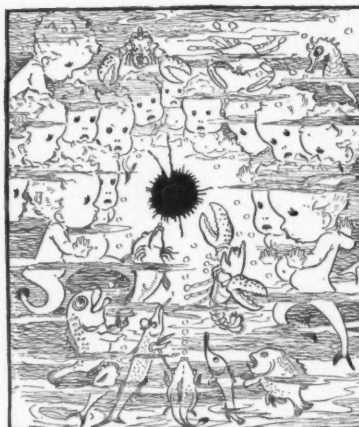
"O, that's different. I was afraid  
they were from New York."



INVESTIGATE." BUT—



"ROSE AND MABEL HAVE NEVER SPOKEN SINCE THEY TOOK PART IN THE PRIVATE THEATRICALS."  
"PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY?"  
"WORSE THAN THAT—AMATEUR JEALOUSY."



RISLEY.

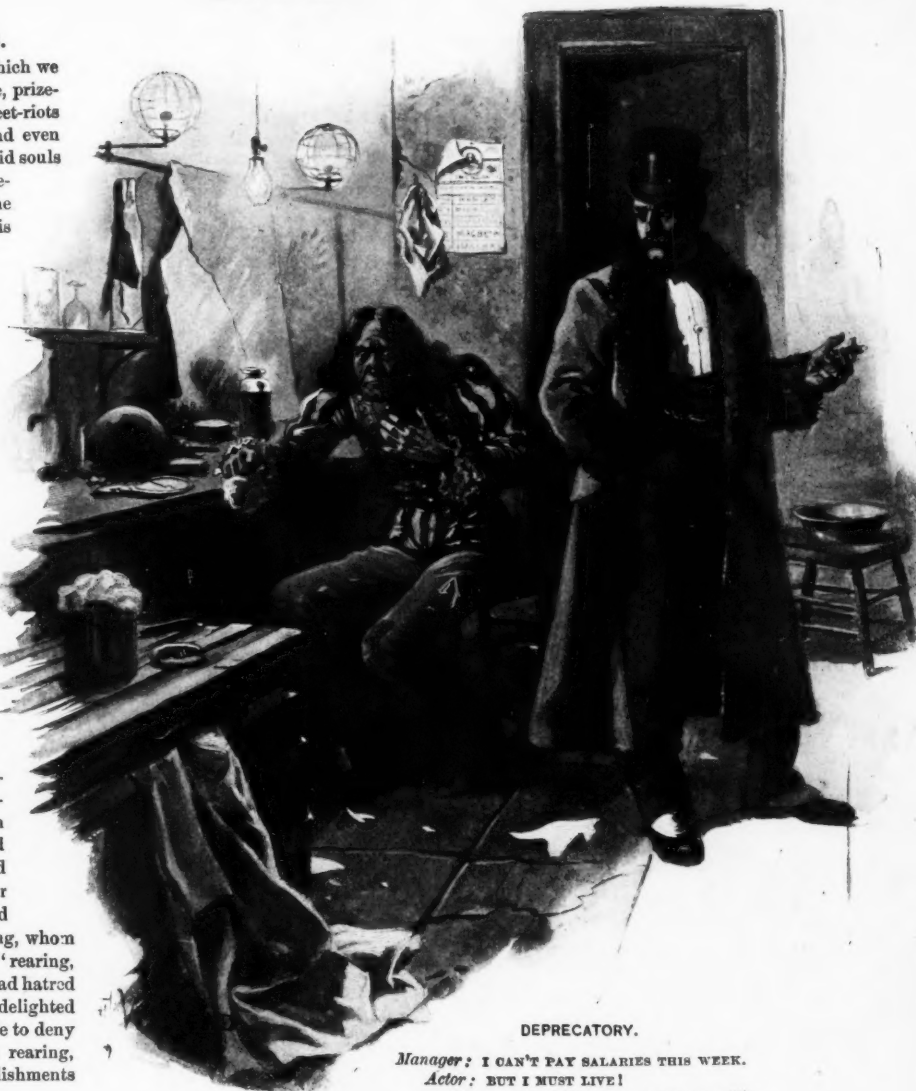
IT WAS ONLY A DROP OF INK FROM THE  
PEN OF THE ARTIST.

### A War of Words.

**I**T is a peace-loving age in which we live. Dueling is out of date, prize-fights are frowned upon, street-riots have lost their popularity, and even football is held by some torpid souls to savour unduly of the battlefield. No weapon is left to the belligerent save the pen, and it is wielded with an asperity which forces upon us the conviction that people hate each other as cordially now as they did in less gentle days.

There is something painfully inglorious in this shedding of ink. Not even the visible enjoyment of the combatants can ennoble the "desperate and gleeful fighting" which never brings victory or defeat. When Mr. Lang wrote a critical study of Tennyson, he manifested, apropos of "The Princess," a lack of enthusiasm for "advanced" women, a distaste—not hard to understand—for the phrase "Woman Question," which is in itself unlovely, and which he averred has produced "many disputants, inevitably shrill."

The harmlessness—one might almost say the tepidity—of these remarks did not prevent them from firing the soul of a New England lady who conceived that her sex had been slighted. She, girding on her armor, has rushed into print, and showered reproaches upon Mr. Lang, whom she describes picturesquely as "rearing, screaming, and frothing," in his mad hatred of "educated women." Mr. Lang, delighted at the charge, finds it worth while to deny it; to explain that, so far from rearing, screaming, and frothing (accomplishments



DEPRECATORY.

*Manager:* I CAN'T PAY SALARIES THIS WEEK.

*Actor:* BUT I MUST LIVE!

"OH, NOW, DON'T GET LULL-HEADED!"

### Obstacles.

"**N**OW, my dear, marry him. He is old, it is true, but he has money."

"But, mamma, the man may live for months!"

### Personal Notes.

**N**EXT year Sarah Bernhardt will begin another series of farewell visits to this country.

Andrew Lang recently took a well-earned vacation and spent several hours not writing anything.

for which he sighs in vain), his words were "bland and respectful;" and that, so far from objecting to educated women, he would like the New England lady to be better educated than she is,—to know, for example, that the person whom she calls Nietzsche "preferred to spell his name otherwise."

It is all very amusing. Mr. Lang is plainly enjoying himself. The New England lady is perhaps—though this is doubtful—enjoying herself. The public is enjoying them both. But the true gods sigh for the wasted words, for the strife that can bring no noble ending.

*Agnes Repplier.*



RECENT FICTION.

WILD ANIMALS THAT HAVE KNOWN ME.

# • LIFE •



IN THE SENATE.  
Put on my football nose-guard;  
Encase my legs in greaves;  
Hook up my leather jacket  
With chain-mail breast and sleeves;  
Dust off my brazen helmet  
And rest it on my brow;  
I go to save my country—  
I'm in the Senate now.  
Oh, he who is a statesman  
May not wear what he likes,  
Bring forth my shoes and shine them,  
And sharpen all their spikes.  
The statesman is a bronco  
That strenuously bucks.  
First manicure my fingers  
Then get my iron knucks.  
Load up my seven-shooter,  
My trusty rifle, too;  
I shall address the Senate  
Upon the proper view  
To take of wicked warfare—  
How we should end all strife.  
Now fasten on my eyeshields,  
And whet my bowie knife.  
With slungshot in my pocket,  
My speech shall not be vague,  
I'll orate to my colleagues  
About the trust at Hague  
Which worked for peace as happy  
As that of babbling brooks—  
And any rash opponent  
Will surely get the hooks.  
—Josh Wink in the Baltimore American.

SOME years ago a Philadelphia preacher inaugurated in his Sunday school the practice of having the children quote some Scriptural text as they dropped their pennies into the contribution box. On the first Sunday in question, a little shaver walked up and said: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and in dropped his penny. "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins," and in dropped the next. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," quoted the third, and so on. Just then, up walked a little fellow with the unmistakable remnants of molasses candy on his chubby face, and, as he dropped his cent, he bawled out: "A fool and his money are soon parted."—Argonaut.

STRAY REFERENCES FOR A DAILY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER.

**Abandoned**—The character of our driveling contemporary.  
**Argument**—Our editorial columns.  
**Ass**—The man who does not read our paper.  
**Babble**—The arguments of our driveling contemporary.  
**Contemporary**—A pirate who runs a rival newspaper.  
**Printer**—The man who manages the managing editor.  
**News**—The matter we print.  
**Nonsense**—The matter the other paper prints.  
**Evil**—Something for the reporters to write about.  
**Reform**—Something to increase circulation.  
**Poetry**—Something that we do not need.  
**Money**—Something that we do need.  
**Contributor**—Usually a high-school graduate.  
**Correspondent**—One who writes fiction from the seat of war.  
**Saturday**—The day when the bills come in.  
**Flurder**—An excuse to sell papers.

**Subscription**—The largest in the world (when it's our own).

**Function**—Anything from a shoe-clerk's picnic to the launching of a battleship.

**Grand Opera**—An annual exhibition of evening clothes.

**Politics**—A subject that always gets us excited.

**Boer**—One we advocate to please our Irish subscribers.  
**Scandal**—An ever-welcome evil.

**Competition**—Something to keep the reporters busy.

**Editorial**—An article written after a thing has happened, to tell how it might have been prevented.

**Office Boy**—A person who runs the paper when the city editor is not in.

**Joke**—A class of matter that is hard to write and much more difficult to read.—*News Letter*.

In one of the public schools recently, a number of the small pupils were busily engaged in working problems in multiplication, with more or less satisfactory results:

After some time the teacher noticed one little fellow who seemed most unhappy. His cheeks were flushed, his hair tumbled, and tears were very near the surface. The teacher said, in a kindly tone:

"Well, John, what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear, I wish I was a rabbit!" replied the boy.

"A rabbit!" exclaimed the teacher, in astonishment. "Why on earth would you like to be a rabbit?"

"Well, my papa says they multiply so fast!"

—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE panic in the diamond market is growing worse instead of better. It is now almost impossible to get No. 2 whites in carload lots; No. 1 blues can be obtained only in bushel lots; and No. 1 straws are no longer quoted, except by the peck.—*Chicago Tribune*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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According to the Bulletin issued by the Census Office  
2,000,000 deaths occurred in the United States during 1904.

**ONE MILLION PEOPLE!**

This is about the number that will die this year in the United States.

It is not *probable* that you'll be one of them, but it's *possible*.

Had you not better provide against the possibility?

Whilst doing so, you can provide for your own old age —

*By means of an Endowment Policy.*

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Please send me information regarding an Endowment for \$.....

if issued to a man.....years of age.

Name.....

Address.....



I KNOW I must be wrong,  
But I cannot love ping-pong.  
I cannot sing  
In praise of ping;  
I have no song  
For pong.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

#### THE HOUSE LONESOME

Has no telephone service. It is cut off from the last touch of modern comfort. Telephone service puts the whole city at your elbow. Rates in Manhattan from \$48 a year New York Telephone Company, 111 West 38th St., 215 West 125th St.

"How is this? You have charged me twice the usual price for shaving."

"My razor was dull, and it took me twice as long."

—New York Week'y.

"SEE that man with the hard face? He's killed his man."

"Indeed! Chauffeur or motorman?"

—Yonkers Statesman.

THE latest Parisian success is DELETTREZ, PARIS, AGLAIA, the new handkerchief perfume. Used by those who appreciate the most delicate, refined odor. Dainty and distinctive.

"REALLY, I did not know what to think when Fred proposed to me last evening. Why, he hadn't known me more than a week."

"Perhaps that was the reason, dear."

—Boston Transcript.

#### HOTELS CHAMBERLIN and HYGEIA, Old Point Comfort, Va.

Beautiful positions overlooking the sea. Golf course. Tennis courts. Old Point Comfort, Va.

At a dinner last week Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff told a story of a lady living in the country, who was asked as to the whereabouts of her husband. She replied:

"If the ice is as thick as Bill thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thick as I think it is, he is swimming."

—New York Times.

DON'T show your bad taste, but insist on having Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne of purest vintage always.

THE automobile had broken down, and the chauffeur was busy trying to discover the trouble. The impatient owner of the machine at last broke out:

"Hurry up, Felix; there are a lot of people crossing the street that we are missing."—Yonkers Statesman.

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"HAVE the letters been duly examined by the handwriting expert?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Very well, let the handwriting expert now be examined by the insanity expert."—Ohio State Journal.

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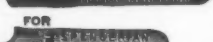
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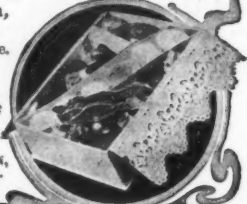
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